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THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

Christian Gottlob Heyne.—Biographisch dargestellt von. Arn. Herm. Lud. Heeren. Gottingen, bey Johann Frederick Romer. 1813 S. 522. 12mo.

The Life of Christian Gottlob Heyne, by A. H. L. Heeren, Gottingen. 1813. pp. 522, 12mo.

Among the German literati of the 18th century, Heyne may perhaps be allowed to have stood first. Without having possessed a genius of the first order, his taste was so good, his judgment so correct, and his learning so great, as to make his critical works at once a safe, pleasant, and competent guide into ancient literature.—It is well observed by the author of the work before us, that he was the first in Germany, perhaps the first in Europe, who presented the world with an edition of a classick conceived in a true taste. Without having himself gone as far in this respect as is to be wished, he seems to have been the first to feel, that the accumulation of parallel passages from a thousand authors, the tedious discussion of idle questions, and the unprofitable solution of small doubts, does not constitute the province of one who would illustrate an Ancient writer. He knew better than his predecessors, how to distinguish between displaying knowledge himself, and aiding the reader to acquire it; and in most of his editions has left laudable specimens of his acquaintance with that last perfection, the ‘Art to blot.’ Though it is as an editor of the Classics, that Heyne is principally known in foreign lands, his researches into history and antiquities were scarcely less extensive, and in the latter of these departments, he stands perhaps second to Winkelman alone.

The work before us contains a survey of his life and character, both in his publick and private capacity, written by his pupil and afterwards his colleague, as Professor of the University at Gottingen. It presents us with a very full account of his labours as Professor and Librarian there. While the connexion of the Biographer with the subject of his narrative, as a son-in-law, gave him access to every source of private information, and afforded him opportuni-

ties, of which he has duly availed himself, to give the reader what—is often so much desired in the account of publick men—an insight into his private, personal, and domestick life. It may easily be imagined that the work must be highly interesting, especially as it is written in a simple and natural style, and by an Author reputed, for his other historical works, among the first of the German writers.—The foreigner will perhaps think that a little more brevity might have been studied, without loss of interest, but will be willing to apply to this defect the apology for the work itself contained in the beautiful words of the motto ‘*Liber hic, honoris soceri mei destinatus, professione pietatis aut laudatus erit aut excusatus.*’—

Of the earliest years of his life, Heyne himself left a written account ; this is inserted entire by Mr. Heeren, and might almost serve for a manual of encouragement to those, who are destined, in like manner, to force their way to eminence, against the pressure of external circumstances. We are sure the following extracts must please the reader. They begin the little account written by Heyne himself.—‘My good father, George Heyne, was born in the ‘principality of Glogau, in Silesia, at a little place called ‘Gravenschutz. His youth was cast upon the times, when ‘the persecutions of the Protestants by the Catholicks commenced ; and his family, who had lived in an humble, but ‘independent condition, found their peace destroyed by ‘this spirit of Proselytism. Some went over to the Romish ‘Church : but my father left his home, and endeavoured to ‘support himself by the labour of his hands in Saxony. ‘“What doth it profit a man that he gain the whole world, ‘and lose his own Soul”—was the reflection, which the experience of his youth had stamped the deepest upon his mind. ‘But no fortunate occurrence happened to aid his efforts, and ‘a series of disasters kept him below the measure of mediocrity. His age was thus surrendered as a prey to poverty, and her handmaids dejection and despair.—I was ‘born and brought up in the greatest poverty. Want was ‘my earliest playmate, and my first impressions were made ‘by the tears of my Mother, when she had no bread for her ‘children. How often have I seen her on Saturday, with ‘swollen eyes, and wringing her hands, when she returned ‘without having found a purchase for the fruits of her husband’s daily and almost nightly labour, through the week.

‘ Sometimes a new attempt would be made through my sister or myself, and we must take the same goods to the trader, to see if we could sell them. There is in these parts a sort of trader, so called, who buys the linen of the poor manufacturers, at the lowest price, that they may sell it again at the highest. How often have I seen one of these little tyrants, with the haughtiness of a Satrap, return the goods offered him, or insist upon abating a penny of the honest price. Want would force the poor manufacturer to sell the sweat of his brow, a penny or two less, and to make up the deficiency by starving. It was sights like these, that first kindled my sensibility, and instead of being dazzled by the wealth of those, who subsisted upon morsels wrested from hundreds of the poor, I regarded them only with indignation. The first time I heard in school of slaying a tyrant, I felt the most lively wish to be a Brutus myself, to those oppressors of the poor, who had so often left those whom I loved, to suffer by want.—My good parents did what they could, and allowed me to attend a school for children in the suburbs. I had the credit of understanding quick, and of a desire to learn.—*As early as my tenth year, I undertook to instruct one of my neighbour’s children, a girl, in reading and writing, for the sake of earning enough to pay my own schooling!* As reading and writing were the extent to which I could go in school, I began to think of a private hour for Latin. But a Guter Groschen* a week was demanded for this: and that my parents could not afford. This grief I bore a long time. I had a Godfather, a baker in good circumstances, my mother’s half brother. I was sent to him one Saturday, to fetch bread. I entered with my eyes wet, into the house, and found my Godfather there. He asked me why I had been weeping, and I tried to answer; but burst into a flood of tears, and could scarce explain the cause of my trouble. My magnanimous Godfather promised to supply the weekly Groschen; only upon the condition, that I should repeat to him every Sunday the passage in the Gospels, which had been the week’s task. This had the good effect, that it improved my memory, and brought me to deliver myself with self-possession. Wild with joy, I ran away with my bread;

* The twenty-fourth part of the Riechs-Thaler—about three Cents.

‘ throwing it up in the air as I went, and leaping up myself, barefooted, as I was, for joy. But my bread happened to fall into the gutter, and this brought me in some measure to my senses. My mother rejoiced at the good news, but my father was less satisfied. At this school I passed two years, till my master discovered, what I had sometime before, that I could learn no more of him.’—p. 6—10.

The account of his removal to a higher school, and of various mortifications and difficulties which attended him there, is given in the same style—Without books, or the means of purchasing them, he was obliged daily to borrow those of his school-fellows, and transcribe the task before he could study it: His patron, another Godfather, who had consented to pay his quarter bills at the school, instead of extending his generosity to the supply of books, thought fit to exercise it in the way of private instruction himself, in the making of Latin verses. ‘ At every festival, says Heyne, and particularly St. Sebastian’s day, for whom he was named, I was called upon for an occasional ode, not of twenty lines; but a hundred at least, and in all sorts of metres; and I was obliged to labour upon subjects of every sort, such as man never thought of putting into verse.’—The instruction, which he received in school, was no better, and he says he should have sunk into total stupidity, if he had not been aroused by an anagram.

‘ We had our school examinations, at which the Superintendent was present. This man, Dr. Theodore Kruger, a learned Theologian for his day, interrupted the rector, as he was pursuing the examination, with the question “ which of the boys can tell the anagram of Austria (avstria.)” The idea was suggested by the first Silesian war, [in which the Saxons were opposed to the Austrians] having just broken out, and a good anagram had been made upon it in some of the magazines.—No body knew what an anagram was, the rector himself was at a non-plus. As no one answered, the rector began with a long description of an anagram, when I jumped up and cried out *Vastari* [to be wasted.] This was different from the one which had been given in the magazines, which encreased the Superintendent’s surprise, at receiving his answer from a little boy in the second form. He loaded me with praise, though he brought all my schoolfellows about my ears, by abusing them for being outdone by an *Infimus*.”—p. 15—18.

At this school, Heyne passed seven years, and at the age of nineteen left home, without books, and with two gilders [about a dollar] in his pocket, for the university at Leipsick. His godfather had promised to assist him with pecuniary supplies; but they were so small and irregular, as to leave him often at the mercy of chance, for his daily bread. Without the means of paying the fees for the private lectures, he was able to avail himself of but few of the literary means of the university, and lived without method, or comfort; in want, and despair.—About the end of the first year, he made an acquaintance with one of the professors, who used to encourage his visits, and lend him books. By his advice, he commenced the reading the *Classicks* in order, as Scaliger did, and began with *Herodotus*. He pursued it, as he was able from time to time to borrow the books, and with such profligacy of application, as to sleep but two nights in the week. The consequence was a fever, from which he recovered with difficulty. He attended at this time some of the lectures of *Ernesti*, to whom, both then and afterwards, he was indebted for valuable services.

Upon the death of *Lacoste*, a preacher of the Reformed French Church, at Leipsick, Heyne expressed his respect for the memory of his friend, in a Latin elegy. The church hearing of it, and cherishing also the strongest attachment to the memory of their deceased pastor, requested of Heyne the copy of his elegy, and published it, in a splendid edition. This work fell into the hands of Count *Bruhl*, the prime minister of the Elector of Saxony, and represented as a man fond of every thing of pomp and show. His admiration of the typographical merit of the elegy extended itself to the composition; and with the highest praise of the author, he expressed the wish to have him in his service. This was communicated to Heyne, and his fortune thought to be made. By the advice of all his friends, he hastened to Dresden, was introduced to count *Bruhl*, was graciously received, and dismissed with promises—that were never fulfilled.—Thus he was left without friends, without money, and without credit, to support himself in Dresden. ‘His want was now extreme. Peas in the pod, which he had cooked as he could collect them, were often his only subsistence. He had no dwelling place. A candidate *Soontag*, with whom he was ac-

quainted, had compassion on him, and took him into his chamber. But he was without a bed. Nothing was left him, but to sleep on the floor with books for his pillows.' After much solicitation, he procured the place of copyist in the Elector's library, with a salary of one hundred thalers [about seventy-five dollars] a year. Here his literary labours began, and were resorted to as a means of support. His first work was a translation of a French Romance, *Le Soldat Parvenu*, for which he received twenty thalers.—His next attempt was more of an earnest of the character of his future labours, a translation of Charito's *Chairea* and *Callirhoe*—a few years before edited for the first time by Dorville. Both these works were published without his name. In 1755 appeared his first edition of *Tibullus*, which, however eclipsed by his subsequent labours upon this, his favourite poet, was received with approbation by the learned world. His edition of *Epictetus*—suggested by a MS. of that author in the electoral library, which he collated for the occasion, followed in a year, which, says his biographer, besides the proofs it gave of his proficiency in Greek, rendered him a far greater service, in the support he derived from its Stoick philosophy, in the trials to which he was soon exposed.

'About this time Heyne made an acquaintance in the electoral library, the importance of which he did not then know. There came often to the library, a man entirely unknown, whose visits were not particularly acceptable to the librarians, as he gave them so much to do. He seemed to be insatiable in reading, and the books he asked for were so many, that he was scarcely received with kindness. It was John Winkelman. Thinking already of his journey to Italy, he was preparing himself for it. Thus the two men became acquainted with each other, who, both in poverty and want, little imagined that in a few years they were to be the instructors of polite Europe, the pride and ornament of their nation.'

The troubles of the seven years war soon after commenced. As far as they are connected with his own history, they are related in an account given by Heyne himself of his first marriage, and which is inserted entire by Mr. Heeren. We must confine ourselves to a single extract—'On the 18th of July began the bombardment of Dresden by the Prussians. Several nights I passed in company with

‘others in a cellar, and the days in my apartment ; so that I
‘heard the shot from the battery, as it passed through the
‘streets, whizzing by my windows. Such an indifference to
‘life possessed me, that on the last day, having gone early
‘in the morning to bed, I slept quietly till noon, without
‘being disturbed by the fearful explosion of bombs and
‘hand-grenades. When I awoke, I hurried on my clothes,
‘and running down the stairs, found the house deserted. I
‘returned to my chamber, to consider what I should do, at
‘least where I should send my trunk ; when a bomb fell with
‘alarming noise into the garden of the house. It did not
‘burst, but all about it was shattered with the concussion.
‘Thinking, that where one bomb had fell, others might
‘follow, I descended again the stairs—found the door lock-
‘ed—ran here and there about the house—till I made my
‘escape at last, by one of the windows into the street.
‘Deserted as the lane was, in which I had lived, the prin-
‘cipal streets were thronged with fugitives. With balls
‘striking round, I ran through the Castle street, over the
‘Elbe bridge, to the new city which the Prussians had
‘been forced to evacuate. Glad to lay my head upon a
‘stone in a house, I passed one part of the night there : in
‘the other part I witnessed the dreadful spectacle of flying
‘bombs and a burning city. At break of day, a gate was
‘opened by the Austrian guard to allow the fugitives to
‘escape. The overbearing officer, who commanded this
‘guard, saluted us as Lutheran dogs, and gave each as he
‘passed a blow. At length I escaped ; but whither ?
‘began to occupy my mind. In the hurry, in which I had
‘left Dresden, I had taken nothing ; not even a gutter
‘groschen.—Only on the way, I saw the cellar open, where
‘I had been accustomed to spend the night, and a fur coat
‘there. In this I wrapped myself, and travelled from the
‘new city in a burning day, over the sand and heath, and
‘took the way to Ansdorf, where Therese (afterwards his
‘wife) was with her friend, who was making a visit to her
‘mother-in-law. Beneath a blazing sun, and through a
‘country desolate and deserted, I travelled twenty miles to
‘Bischofswerda, where I slept in a teamsters’ tavern. At
‘midnight arrived a postillion with return horses, and I
‘begged him to let me mount one. Thus I rode till the
‘way parted ; and all day long heard the shots from poor
‘Dresden echoed along the mountains. By the first occa-

‘sion, I returned to Dresden. There was a possibility
 ‘that my house had escaped. With a heavy heart I look-
 ‘ed onward to the city—ran to the spot where my dwell-
 ‘ling stood, and found—a heap of ashes. Next to my
 ‘dwelling, I was concerned for the library. It was empty.
 ‘One accident after another had happened to it. At the
 ‘beginning of the war the most valuable works, the ancient
 ‘impressions, with the noble collection of copperplates, were
 ‘deposited in a vault; a part of the rest was sent forward to
 ‘Hamburg as the pledge of a loan. Some boxes of these
 ‘were lost in the Elbe. Some were opened at the Prussian
 ‘custom houses, and the books dispersed. Through the
 ‘arch where the books were deposited, passed certain con-
 ‘duits, to the water works. When Dresden was attacked
 ‘they aimed at this edifice, to destroy the pavilion and
 ‘garden. The conduits were hereby injured, and when
 ‘the books, after a long time, came to be again examined,
 ‘they were found to be ruined by dampness. Finally a
 ‘small portion of books had been carried to a massy edi-
 ‘fice on the [blank in the original.] The first bomb struck
 ‘this building, and the whole was consumed. After my
 ‘return to Dresden a very unpleasant circumstance occur-
 ‘red. My colleague in the library, receiving a reproof for
 ‘leaving Dresden before the siege, knew no other way to
 ‘exculpate himself, than to throw the blame of burning
 ‘the library upon me; and I stood for some time in dan-
 ‘ger of a legal prosecution.’ p. 63. This is the melan-
 choly history of a library of 70,000 volumes.

Disastrous as the war had been in a publick view, it was the present ruin of Heyne’s private prospects. All his property and papers, with all the moveables of the person to whom he was shortly after married, were lost in the conflagration of his house. The loss of the Electoral library was the loss of his occupation, and he lived in extreme indigence with his wife, partly upon the favour of his friends, and upon what literary employment he could find in Dresden.

In 1761, died Gesner, professor of Eloquence and librarian at Gottingen. As the place was considered one of great importance, the regency at Hanover, and Munchausen, in particular, the prime minister, employed remarkable circumspection in filling it. Applying to Ernesti as the most competent person to nominate a successor, they were told that there was none in Germany, and that they must have

recourse to Rhunken at Leyden, or Saxe at Utrecht. Rhunken was written to, but refused to leave his adopted country. His letter, in reply, is a remarkable instance of decision and foresight. 'Why do you seek out of Germany, for what Germany itself affords? Why do you not appoint, as successor to Gesner, Christian Gottlob Heyne, this pupil of Ernesti, this man of excellent genius, who has proved his acquaintance with Roman literature, in his *Tibullus*; with Grecian in his *Epictetus*? He is, in my opinion, and in that of Hemsterhusius *καταπαν*, the only man who can make Gesner's place good. In this man, believe me, there is a store of genius and learning, that will shortly be the admiration of polite Europe.' p. 74. The place, with a salary of 800 Thalers, was accordingly bestowed on Heyne.

It will be readily conceived, that though Heyne had now reached the most regularly active part of his life, the season of what may be called his adventures was now over. His subsequent history is the record of his official duties as professor of eloquence, as librarian, as secretary of the Royal Society of Gottingen, and as editor of the *Literary Journal* under its superintendence: to say nothing of several other calls of greater or less importance upon his time and attention. The fidelity with which he discharged the duties of such an extent and variety, gives one a high idea of his activity and punctuality; while on surveying the extent of his studies, as displayed in his very numerous and profoundly learned publications, we are at a loss to imagine how he could have spared any time from them. The method and regularity, with which he divided and arranged his avocations, the strict conscientiousness with which he felt their obligation, and the severe punctuality with which he attended to them all, are the secrets of his doing so much and so well. The following picture of the private economy of his study, we extract for the amusement of the reader. 'The number and variety of his occupations required a large space, and for a study Heyne made use of the principal room in his house, with three windows fronting upon the street, and one, (in summer his favourite place) upon the garden. On one side stood two sets of shelves, with the books which he used in his daily studies: the rest were in a cabinet on the same side of the room. He had in his study from ten to twelve different tables. His lite-

‘ rary labours were divided among these, so that one or two
‘ tables were appropriated to each department. In another
‘ place, he had a little desk, at which he often stood, espe-
‘ cially to write his letters. In two other cabinets, stood from
‘ thirty to forty paste-board boxes, about two inches deep,
‘ and large enough to receive a folio sheet. Each of these
‘ was labelled ; and in these, according to the labels, were
‘ kept all his papers upon current affairs ; letters, according
‘ to their contents, reviews, &c. On the third side of his
‘ room, between the windows, stood two presses, one
‘ devoted to his private affairs, and the other to the
‘ publick accounts and books, which it was his duty to
‘ keep. Near the window, by the garden, stood his bed,
‘ for he always slept in his study : a little press by the stove
‘ contained his daily apparel, and on the other side an arm
‘ chair, his place of rest when fatigued with labour, where
‘ he also slept a little after dinner. At five o’clock in the
‘ morning he rose : this was his practice to the day of his
‘ death, and in his younger years he did it earlier. Dress-
‘ ing himself in a study coat, and after taking a cup of
‘ coffee, he sat down to his writing table : and was general-
‘ ly employed in reviews for the Literary Journal till nine.
‘ At nine in the winter, he took his breakfast in his study,
‘ meat of some kind, and a glass of wine. Dressing himself
‘ then, he remained in full dress the rest of the day. But
‘ in summer he had his first lecture at eight o’clock ; these
‘ were upon Archaeology. The next two hours were devo-
‘ ted to business, in particular to the affairs of the library.
‘ At eleven he attended in the philological seminary, and
‘ remained till twelve. Soon after twelve he took his din-
‘ ner, and then his family saw him for the first time in the
‘ day. After dinner he slept in his arm chair for half an
‘ hour, not longer, as he was obliged to prepare for his lec-
‘ ture at two o’clock. From three to six he devoted his
‘ time principally to correspondence ; though while he read
‘ his private lectures on the Greek poets, his usual hour for
‘ these was from five to six. There were seasons in which
‘ he spent four hours a day in lecturing. About six o’clock,
‘ toward the latter part of his life, he met his family again,
‘ for a quarter of an hour at tea. Till eight o’clock he was
‘ in his study, and shortly after eight he took his supper, and
‘ sat, especially if he had a friend, half an hour at table.
‘ After supper he was at his studies till half past ten, when

‘ he retired to rest. When, however, he had much to do,
‘ he sat later, and his light was seen when all else was wrap-
‘ ped in slumber. He was accessible from morning to
‘ night to all who wished to speak to him :—what, however,
‘ was most oppressive to him was to have his time needlessly
‘ taken up. His friends and acquaintances knew this,
‘ and seldom came to see him, except upon occasion of business,
‘ and then for no longer than was necessary.” p. 328. It is mentioned elsewhere, that he was particularly fond of roses, and in the season of them, would always have some standing in water upon his table.

Some of the greatest services of Heyne to the University, were those which he rendered as librarian. Shortly after his appointment to Gottingen, he succeeded Michaelis as first librarian, and for the rest of his life exerted himself in every way to increase it, and facilitate its use. He found it at fifty thousand volumes, and left it at two hundred thousand, and the MS. Alphabetical Catalogue, in one hundred folio volumes, was undertaken at his instance, and completed in ten years under his superintendence. A pleasant anecdote is related, in reference to the library, in a little journal of a tour made by Mr. and Mrs. Heyne in the year 1738, written by the latter, and inserted by Mr. Heeren in his work. It was before the library had reached the size at which he left it. At dinner, at Colothurn, a little city in Switzerland, ‘ Heyne had, at his right hand, a young Benedictine from Constance, the librarian of his monastery. He had, I know not how, discovered that he had a colleague for his neighbour, and the conversation naturally turned upon their respective libraries, the number of volumes, &c. The good monk seemed quite convinced, that no collection could surpass that, of which he had the care. Heyne let him speak on and get animated, till to the question how many volumes he had, he answered, with a very well contented air, ten thousand. He asked, in his turn, how many volumes there were in the Gottingen library, and Heyne modestly replied, one hundred and thirty thousand. It was too much for the good Benedictine. So shocked was he at the answer, which he took for mere rhodomontade, that he threw down his knife and fork, and left the table.” p. 355.

Our limits do not admit of our abstracting from this very entertaining volume a more minute account of the labours of

Heyne, as a publick teacher of ancient literature, or in his other capacities of Secretary to the Royal Society, to which he presented yearly at least one memoir, and Editor of the Literary Journal, in which he wrote about eight thousand articles. Of his labours as a critick, our readers are able to form their own opinion. Of his Tibullus and Virgil, his Pindar and his Homer, who does not know the fame? and who that has read them does not know their merit? Tibullus was his favourite among the Latin poets, and he seems to have laboured, *con amore*, upon the three successive editions of his works which he published. He also communicated what further occurred to him, after the last edition, to Mr. since Professor Wunderlich, of Gottingen, who published a new edition. The Tibullus of Heyne has been called the best edited of the Latin Classics.

‘Et qui, says Villers, oserait encore toucher à Virgile, après la dernière édition en 4 vol. qu’ a donnée du sien, à Leipsick l’illustre Mr. Heyne, et ou ce grand critique a retouché pour la dernière fois son ouvrage?’ No one will feel dissatisfied with the question, who has availed himself of the ample collection of every thing necessary to the illustration of Virgil, which this edition contains, clothed as it is in an eloquent and beautiful latinity, and disposed with admirable discretion and taste.

The edition of Pindar was occasioned by the following circumstance. Being requested by some of the students to read a private course to them upon this difficult author, it was found that the want of manuals would be the first difficulty. He accordingly undertook the task of publishing an edition, of which the Latin version was prepared by Koppe, a young man formed in his school, and afterwards connected with his family. This edition appeared in 1773; and a volume of additamenta followed in 1791, containing a further selection of various readings. In 1798, however, he presented the world with his second edition, containing what may be called a complete Pindarick apparatus. An Epistle of Herman, upon the metres of Pindar is given in the last volume, and the excellent indices were contributed by Fiorillo, now professor in the philosophical faculty at Gottingen. If the preference be given in some respects to the subsequent edition of Boekh, that of Heyne will ever deserve the praise of having been the first, to make Pindar accessible to the generality of scholars.

If the opinion of criticks is as yet undecided, upon all the questions, connected with Heyne's edition of Homer, there is still a praise, and that of the highest kind, which will not be withholden. While the current notes, beneath the text, reduce Homer to the level of every one who is willing to read him, the collections in the subsequent volumes present the student, with all the materials, for a minute familiarity with all that concerns the illustration of the Iliad, in its present state. That these collections are too minute and laborious, and border too much upon the unrelenting erudition of the school, which Heyne elsewhere did so much to supersede, is, perhaps, the only objection that will be made to them. Opinions are yet divided upon the value of the digamma, which is applied throughout in the margin ; but, standing as it does there, it is no disturbance of the ordinary text, and at worst can be regarded only as a superfluity—of the controversy, with respect to the authenticity of Homer, not much has been heard beyond the limits of the European continent. In 1795, Frederic Augustus Wolf, for a short time a pupil of Heyne at Göttingen, then professor at Jena, and now at Berlin, published an edition of Homer, containing a revision of the text, in which he availed himself of Villoison's neat edition of the Venetian MS. with Scholia, but particularly accompanied with prolegomena, in which he called in question the authenticity of the poems, and maintained, that instead of having been written at the period usually assigned, and by Homer, or by any other single person, they were gradually formed, by successive collections, and recensions of separate poems, handed down by tradition, and first committed to writing, in the age of Solon. The first volume of the Prolegomena, containing chiefly the external evidence, is all that has yet appeared.—This edition of Homer, and the prolegomena in particular, was reviewed by Heyne in the Göttingen Literary Journal, and in a manner perhaps it will be thought not quite worthy either of the subject, the author, or the reviewer. The review was short, cursory, and superficial ; and it spoke civilly of the merits of the edition, as an application of Villoison's edition to the criticism of the text. So far from entering at all into the merits of the great question, started in the prolegomena, Heyne remarks, *en passant*, that the author appears to regard the suggestion, that Homer was not the

author of the poems as they stand, as original ; but that *he himself had always held this opinion*. He complains also of Mr. Wolf, for not having communicated his design of publishing an edition, and intimates a sort of interference with his own. Not long after he read to the Royal Society at Gottingen, a memoir de antiquâ Homeri lectione indaganda, dijudicanda et restituenda, of which he gave an account in the Literary Journal, and in which he advances quite the same system as Wolf, with the addition that he had *always* held it. As Wolf had attended his lectures upon Homer at Gottingen, he considered the implication to be unavoidable, that he had borrowed his system, or the suggestion of it, from Heyne, and in a series of five letters, written with no small acerbity, upon the occasion, he maintains the originality of his speculations, so far as regarded Heyne ; and, by the quotation of passages from the works of the latter, would prove that Heyne, notwithstanding his repeated assertions, could not, and did not, entertain the same or similar views. The literary world has in some degree sanctioned the assertions of Wolf, by setting down Heyne as the leader of an opposite school, though one who should compare the prolegomena of the former, with the abovementioned memoir of the latter, might find it difficult to discover the ground of the distinction. When Heyne's edition of Homer, some years after, appeared, one portion of the republick of letters was arrayed by anticipation against it, and the usual exasperations incident to such controversies, have produced in Germany, a radical, perhaps lasting, division of opinion on the merits of the work. Various circumstances have contributed to prevent the labours of Wolf from finding favour, in England or here. Few understand, and fewer adopt his system. As far as it has been known, it has been associated with the similar system, which has been applied by the German divines of the New School to the Old and New Testament, and of which the rumour has been heard with horror, in the English and American church. Meantime Heyne's edition of the Iliad has received the title of *Optima*, and is seldom mentioned but with the regret that his labours had not extended to the Odyssey. He had made collections for an edition of the Odyssey, part of which were communicated, says Mr. Heeren, to one of the learned ; in whose hands they will not be lost, and a part, we understand, are deposited in the University Library at Gottingen.

Heyne's private life, till he reached the meridian of his days, was full of troubles. The sketch of his early history, already given, acquaints us with the severity of his fortune, till his appointment to Gottingen; and the death of several of his children, and of his first wife, in the year 1775, were new and successive appeals to his sensibility. From the period, however, of his second marriage, in 1777, with the daughter of the Elder Brander, one of the Hanoverian ministry, and a man of letters, his life seems to have been passed in comparative tranquillity and peace. He received very many invitations to different situations at Cassel, Dresden, Copenhagen, &c. some of which were highly lucrative and honourable, but he refused them all. He had promised to the minister Munchausen, when that singular man was upon his death bed, that he would never leave Gottingen. And at each successive invitation elsewhere, he usually received an accession to his salary. His health, in latter life, was uncommonly good, and his activity continued to the last. In 1803, when he was about the age of 70, he shared with his colleagues in the fear, that was felt for the University, under the administration of the French. It was determined to address the first consul, upon the subject, and to commend the University to his protection. A letter was accordingly written to him, by M. Martens, prorector of the University, and by Heyne its oldest member, and correspondent of the National Institute. The following answer was sent to Heyne.

} Paris, le 21 Prarial, an XI. de la
 } Republique Francaise.

Le Ministre de la Guerre à Mr. Heyne, Membre de l'Université de Goettingue et Associé de L'Institut National de France.

Le Premier Consul, Monsieur, sçait apprecier les services, que l'Université de Goettingue a rendue aux lettres et aux arts, et les droits q'elle s'est acquis à la reconnoissance des savans. Que le bruit des armes n' interrompe pas vos paisibles et utiles occupations. L'armée Française accordera une protection speciale a vos etablissemens. Son général en a reçu l'ordre, et aura un grand plaisir à l'exécuter. Vous pouvez en donner l'assurance à tous les membres de votre Université, que le Premier Consul honore d'une grand estime, et particulièrement à Mr. de Martens, son Prorector.

Agreez l'assurance de la considération

la plus distinguée

AL. BERTHIER.

The University was accordingly respected, as well at this period, as under the Westphalian usurpation. It will not, perhaps, be numbered among Heyne's greatest rewards, that he was presented by Jerome with the order of the Westphalian Crown. This latter worthy personage, who oppressed for a short time with a vulgar sway a rich and beautiful country, presented to the library at Gottingen the spoils of some of the other universities : particularly some of those of the library at Wolfenbittel. These, we understand, have been sent back.

Heyne was happy beyond most, who attain like him the age of eighty-three, in not outliving his own reputation and usefulness.—Though not altogether without the warnings of his end, he was able to persevere in his literary labours to the last. The day before his death, he wrote some letters, one of them in Latin, which was found finished, but open upon his table, after his death. He arose as usual at five o'clock, on the morning of the 14th of July ; and as his servant returned to his chamber with his coffee, a quarter of an hour after, he found him dead by the side of his washstand.—We close our extracts, with the following account of his funeral. ‘ After the body had been laid out at the ‘ house of the deceased, on the evening of the 16th, it was ‘ carried early in the morning of the 17th to the lower ‘ hall of the Library, from which as his real home, the ‘ funeral was to proceed. From 7 o'clock, the train of ‘ mourners collected in the great hall. Here upon a table ‘ hung with black, were three white satin cushions, embroidered with gold ; upon that in the middle was placed ‘ the badge of the Westphalian order, with an oaken garland, upon the two others the Homer and Virgil of the ‘ deceased bound with laurel wreaths. The students with ‘ their marshals, assembled at the same time. At 8 o'clock ‘ the procession commenced, with solemn musick before the hearse, which was surrounded with pall-bearers, ‘ from among the students. Next to these followed Count ‘ von Schulenburg, with the cushion and Westphalian order, with Professors Tychsel and Mitscherlich, on either ‘ side, bearing the two other cushions, with the two principal works of the deceased. The procession passed by ‘ the house of the deceased through the Pauline and Weender streets, to the church-yard by the Weender gate,

‘ where his grave had been prepared by the side of those of
 ‘ Meister and von Schlozer. Some friendly hands had strew-
 ‘ ed it with roses and other flowers. The procession form-
 ‘ ed itself in two rows about the grave, and before the coffin
 ‘ was deposited, the sublime hymn of Klopstock “ thou
 ‘ “ shalt rise ! thou shalt rise* ! ” was sung by a number
 ‘ of the students. The Prorektor Potl advanced to the
 ‘ grave, and made a short address, adapted to the solemn
 ‘ moment. A profound stillness prevailed throughout the
 ‘ concourse, and the address itself was rather a thank-
 ‘ offering o God, w o had given us this memorable man,
 ‘ and preserved him to us in the exercise of his faculties
 ‘ to the last moment, than a funeral lamentation. The
 ‘ procession returned in like order to the hall of the library,
 ‘ where after the deposition of the badge and writings of
 ‘ the deceased, in their former places, professor Benecke,
 ‘ as one of the overseers of the library, pronounced a short
 ‘ but sublime and affecting speech, and the procession dis-
 ‘ persed. Shortly after was distributed a Latin poem com-
 ‘ posed in the name of the academy, by Professor Mitscher-
 ‘ lich, and entitled “ *Pietas Georgiæ Augustæ, in funere*
 ‘ *virî summi Christiani Gottlob Heyne, ordinis coronæ*
 ‘ *Westphaliæ equitis, eloquentiæ et poeseos professoris*
 ‘ *publici ordinarii.* ” ’

In taking our leave of this very entertaining work, we have only to express our regret, that our limits have not admitted of larger extracts. A great many anecdotes of the literature of the last half of the 18th and beginning of the 19th century are scattered through it, and it yields more incidental information upon the state of the German literary establishments, so far as Heyne, in a life of 83 years, was connected with them, than is easily to be found in any other book of the same compass, with which we are acquainted. We cannot but express our surprise that it has not yet had a translation into English.

Mr. Heyne’s literary empire, like that of Alexander, was divided among four successors. He is succeeded by Professor Mitscherlich, as professor of Eloquence, by Mr. Reurss as principal Librarian, by Blumenbach as Secretary of the Royal Society, and by Eichhorn as editor of the Literary Journal.

* ‘ Auferstehn Auferstehn wirst Du ! ’